

Good Morning 351

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Some news and a photo from Home for you, L./S. Edward Scutt

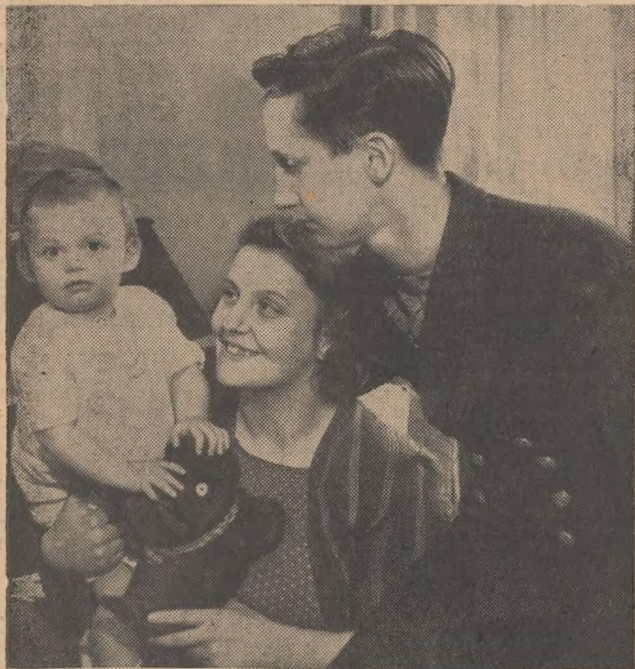
ALL the Nice Girls love a Sailor" should be your signature tune, Leading Telegraphist Edward Scutt, because when we asked your sister Dorothy at 58 Colonels Walk, Goole, Yorks, if you had a hobby, she just laughed and said, "Girls, girls, and more girls!"

Seriously, Ted, we found all the family well, happy, and with your brother Arthur in his uniform, distinctly nautical.

Two old friends, Archie Campbell and Jack Collier, were home on leave together recently. Both of them asked after you and got some news from the family.

Dorothy's husband, Joe, and Uncle George were both over for Easter, and a good time was had by all. Your one-year-old niece, Pat, had a grand birthday party the other Sunday, and as you'll see by the picture, she's a chic little lady, and certainly behaved like one for the "Good Morning" photographer.

Unfortunately, your mother and dad were out, but they are both in the best of health and still working at the same places.



Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

By the way, we can clear up that little mystery for you about your cousin. The Ted Scutt in the Submarine Service is not a relative; your cousin of the same name is out East in the R.N.

After clearing up one poser, here's another for you to get your teeth into. Somewhere amongst the 400,000,000 people in China is that great old pal John Sullivan, and Dorothy says you might look him up some day!

It's a 400,000,000 to one chance, Ted, but you never know. . . . A good many years have gone by since the two of you were on the "Ganges" together, and it certainly would be a historic meeting if you found him.

That pile of "sugary letters" is still just where it has always been in the front room, Arthur asked us to tell you.

All the family wish you a safe voyage and a speedy return, and meanwhile send their best wishes and love.

P.S.—Pat thinks a kangaroo would be a nice pet, if you could slip one in your kitbag on the return journey!

SOUNDS STRANGE, BUT . . .

The Christadelphians are members of a religious sect which holds that immortality can be obtained by believers only. They reject infant baptism, and have strange theories about the Millennium.

Chocolate as a beverage was first used by the Mexicans as far back as the time of Montezuma, in the 15th century.

J. S. NEWCOMBE.

John Allen continues his "Knights of Soccer"

PLAYED 60 TIMES FOR ENGLAND!



side forward berth, but no matter where he played, the amateur put the team before himself. It was no uncommon sight to see him completely baffle a defence, find himself in front of goal, then slip the ball to a team-mate better placed than himself.

He scored dozens of goals, did Vivian Woodward, but would have had an even bigger "bag" had he played more for himself. As for patience, well, a amateur

The story of the "Spurs"

Woodward was one of the most persistent players the game has ever known. Possessing the nimblest feet and most accurate head in the game, Woodward enjoyed every minute of a match.

A true-blooded sportsman, if a referee were barracked by the crowd for giving a decision they thought wrong, and Woodward was the sufferer, he has been known to go up to the official and say that he thought the decision was correct.

A real match-winner, Woodward ranks among the first of Soccer's "Knights," closely followed by another man who could turn defeat into victory in a matter of minutes. Arthur Grimsdell is the name—and for ever, when the "Greatest Team Of All Time" is compiled, you will find his name in the half-back line on the left flank.

Arthur Grimsdell joined Tottenham Hotspur from Watford. Tall, weighty, and terri-

cally enthusiastic, Grimsdell, when he took over the captaincy of Tottenham and England, began an era of captains really being match-winners.

If the Hotspur were a goal down, and full-time was rapidly approaching, Grimsdell would switch his team around and move up to centre-forward. And the betting was always in favour that "Big-hearted Arthur THE FIRST" would score. He usually succeeded.

In front of Arthur Grimsdell, in the Spurs' and England teams, was Jimmy Dimmock, another name that has gone into the record books for all time.

He was a real local lad, being born within a stone's throw of the Tottenham ground in White Hart Lane. As a schoolboy he used to follow the club with his father, and, when old enough, became a Tottenham professional.

When Tottenham reached the Cup Final in 1921, many thought young Dimmock, when he played against the Wolves at Stamford Bridge (where the Final was then held), would be nervous—but obviously did not know their Dimmock. The twenty-year-old winger was the star man. He dribbled and weaved his way among the Wolverhampton defenders, and eventually scored the goal which won for them the F.A. Cup for the second time in their glorious history.

Like Grimsdell and Vivian Woodward, the greatness of Dimmock was in the fact that he was a team-man who could, when necessary, take up a lone "commission" and cause the

opposing side a great deal of worry. On many occasions, before his retirement, did I see Jimmy Dimmock prove what a wonderful outside-left he really was.

When Tottenham Hotspur were having a lean period in the Second Division, and Dimmock, brought back from coaching the reserves to infuse some life into the attack, settled down once more, we witnessed some glorious football.

The writer well remembers one occasion when, playing on his "lucky pitch" at Stamford Bridge, against Chelsea, Dimmock performed a dribble that few who witnessed it will ever forget. Collecting the ball on the half-way line, he beat no fewer than SEVEN men who attempted to stop him—sometimes the same player was beaten twice—but eventually found himself cornered close by one of the corner-flags.

Most of us thought Dimmock had over-dribbled himself, for a barrier of five Chelsea players barred his path. But Dimmock, weaving and dribbling in a manner one expects only from the great, beat the defenders and put in a terrific shot that Millington, in the Chelsea goal, just managed to tip over the bar for a corner.

The Chelsea players were so impressed by Dimmock that they joined the crowd in giving him an ovation. I doubt if many players can claim such a distinction.

It was another "Knight" who wore the Tottenham and England shirt until a few weeks ago I witnessed share this "ovation distinction" with Dimmock. When, recently, Willie Hall, international inside forward and captain of Tottenham, announced that he would never again play, as the result of a leg injury, fans all over the country were disappointed.

You see, ever-smiling Willie was one of those men who "belong to Soccer." True, he played for Tottenham, but everyone enjoyed watching his wonderful dribbles, to be finished with a terrific shot. Once he amazed the football world by scoring five goals against Ireland and proving that Stanley Matthews was a team-man—IF THE RIGHT PLAYER WAS ALONGSIDE HIM. The Hall-Matthews wing was about the best England right wing between the two wars—yet Willie Hall was really an inside-left.

A product of Rame and Marles, Nottingham, where he was employed, Hall joined Notts County, who transferred him to the Spurs in return for a large fee and an understanding that Tottenham would pay an additional £500 if he became an international while in their service. He did—many times—and the Spurs considered the £500 well worth while.

When he lost his form, and his shots from inside-left began swerving outside the post, Hall became depressed, until it was suggested that he should move to inside-right.

At first he did not like the idea, but eventually decided to give the berth a trial. Within two months he was back in the England team—at inside-right!

Willie Hall, like the other Tottenham "Knights" I previously mentioned, was a true-blood sportsman, team-player, and cool-headed. That, together with his enthusiasm for training, put him at the top. And, as if to further stress that all these players were well and truly "Knights," just look up the record books—you'll find their names!

Tea-Bibbers, all

By Maurice
Bensley

TEA, 4,000-years-old drink, of which the war has only temporarily reduced our consumption from 103 thousand million cups a year, has had a profound influence on civilisation, has built nations, bankrupted thousands, established social philosophies, formed manners, and created the mel-lowest custom in the whole world.

Mellow, yet in places the custom is new. A few years ago many hostesses in the United States decided to give up sherry and cocktail gatherings in favour of tea parties. They had been tried, and their atmosphere had made a greater appeal. Now America consumes 80,000,000lbs. of tea a year and "shows the British how to drink it." And not only how, but why, for American dietitians strongly commend its virtues to athletes, among others. It gives, say they, a smooth stimulation to brain, nerves and kidneys; puts no strain on the digestive apparatus and has just the right caffeine content to send the boys into combat "on their toes."

Britons rank high among the world's tea drinkers, the G.W. Railway Company alone dispenses 2,500,000 cups a year. But the world's best at the job are the Tibetans. Averaging 40 cups a day apiece, they mix with the beverage salt, butter and soda. And as they drink they no doubt contemplate with satisfaction the world's largest tea bush, which grows at Badulla, Ceylon, its diameter 24ft., and girth a full sixty-seven. Japanese have a philosophy about tea which is theirs alone. A certain Kunizo Arimoto, like many wealthy Japs, enhances his tea-drinking ritual with an 11lb. kettle of solid gold, which cost him £800.

It was back in 1850 that Robert Fortune risked certain death by visiting Chinese tea

gardens disguised as a coolie. His smuggling of choice plants to Calcutta led to the establishment of the first Indian plantations and to a mania of speculation by people in every walk of life, attracted by fantastic stories of the money to be made in tea-planting. Like the South Sea Bubble, it ended in the bankruptcy of thousands of investors, taking enormous toll of life among the planters, including shopkeepers, clerks, professional men, retired Army and Navy officers, and even Government servants, who had abandoned secure posts at home to seek fortunes in tea.

Of the first Englishmen who adventured into tea-planting, some 70 per cent. died in a few years of fever or fell victims to tigers, floods, earthquakes, or minor wars with head-hunting tribes. Casualties from heat and jungle alone equalled those from cold and privation in the Alaska gold rush.

With Robert Fortune's founding of the tea industry in British territory started the launching of the famous British tea clippers. Thenceforward an exciting feature of tea commerce was the annual race to Britain between these "great white clipper ships," some of the finest sailing vessels ever built—a colourful, never-to-be-forgotten romance of the high seas.

After the Mutiny the administration of India passed from the East India Company to the Crown. Now about 2,000,000 British subjects are employed in plantation and factory of India and Ceylon, where over 800,000,000 pounds of tea are produced annually, and invested capital amounts to some £120,000,000.

Only the tender green top leaves are picked from the tea bush. And plucking requires considerable skill. It is all

done by the agile, delicate fingers of specially trained native women, each gathering as many as 30,000 shoots in a day. Some 3,200 shoots go to make a single pound of tea.

All teas are combinations of leaves from various gardens—there are 20,000 of them scattered about the world—a little from this, a lot from that, varying amounts from a dozen others. For tea is a thing of temperament. Atmospheric conditions, altitude, time of plucking—all these and more have their effect on aroma and flavour.

To standardise and keep the quality identical, tea must be tasted and tested before each blending. Only this way can the importers prevent disappointment when you order your favourite brand. And that (believe it or not), taking tea drinkers the world over, may mean a preference for flavours of a mandarin, peach, orange, lemon, muscatel, black-currant, oil, cheese, fish, or even rubber and tar!

Tea-tasting, indeed, is a high art, requiring a trained and sensitive palate, keen nose, clear eyes, a good memory. To become expert needs years of experience, and it's fascinating to watch a good taster at work. Each sample is weighed in tiny scales, put in one of a row of white cups, and tasted dry as well as brewed. And smelt—no dainty sniffs, but nose plunged into the mass. Nose and palate support each other's judgment. Yet the brew is never swallowed—a spittoon cheats the stomach, and the aim of a practiced taster is a feat unsurpassed.

And even when the tea-taster's work is done, there still remains what may be the most important operation of all. The most precious brand will make an indifferent brew unless it is treated kindly in the pot.

"Thirst for Revenge"

THE tulip-growing world, however, was thrown by it into a state of most active commotion. Some fanciers caught at the idea without believing it practicable; but such is the power of imagination among florists that, although considering the undertaking as certain to fail, all their thoughts were engrossed by that grand black tulip, which was looked upon as chimerical, as the black swan or the white raven were reputed to be in those days.

Van Baerle was one of the tulip-growers who were struck with the idea; Boxel thought of it in the light of a speculation. Van Baerle, as soon as the idea had once taken root in his clear and ingenious mind, began slowly the necessary sowings and operations to reduce the tulips which he had grown already from red to brown, and from brown to dark brown.

By the next year he had obtained flowers of a perfect nut-brown, and Boxel espied them in the border, whereas he had himself, as yet, only succeeded in producing the light brown.

Boxel, once more worsted by the superiority of his hated rival, was now completely disgusted with tulip-growing, and, being driven half-mad, devoted himself entirely to observation.

The house of his rival was quite open to view; a garden exposed to the sun; cabinets with glass walls, shelves, cupboards, boxes, and ticketed pigeon-holes, which could easily be surveyed by the telescope. Boxel allowed his bulbs to rot in the pits, his seedlings to dry up in their cases, and his tulips to wither in the borders, and henceforward occupied himself with nothing else but the doings at Van Baerle's.

But the most curious part of

THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre Dumas—Part 14

the operations was not performed in the garden.

It might be one o'clock in the morning when Van Baerle went up to his laboratory, into the glazed cabinet whither Boxel's telescope had such easy access; and here, as soon as the lamp illuminated the walls and windows, Boxel saw the inventive genius of his rival at work.

He beheld him sifting the seeds, and soaking them in liquids, which were destined to modify or to deepen their colours. He knew what Cornelius meant, when heating certain grains, then moistening them, then combining them with others by a sort of grafting—a minute and marvelously delicate manipulation—he shut up in darkness those which were expected to furnish the black colour; exposed to the sun or to the lamp those which were to produce red; and placed between the endless reflection of two water-mirrors those intended for white, the pure representation of the limpid element.

This innocent magic, the fruit at the same time of childlike musings and of manly genius—this patient, untiring labour, of which Boxel knew himself to be incapable—made him, gnawed as he was with envy, centre all his life, all his thoughts, and all his hopes, in his telescope.

For, strange to say, the love and interest of horticulture had not deadened in Isaac his fierce envy and thirst of revenge. Sometimes, whilst covering Van Baerle with his telescope, he deluded himself into a belief that he was levelling a never-failing musket at him; and then he would seek with his finger for the trigger to fire the shot which was to have killed his neighbour. But it is time that we should connect with this epoch of the operations of the one, and the espionage of the other, the visit which Cornelius De Witte came to pay to his native town.

Cornelius De Witte, after having attended to his family affairs, reached the house of his godson, Cornelius Van Baerle, one evening in the month of January, 1672.

De Witte, although being very little of a horticulturist or of an artist, went over the whole mansion from the studio to the greenhouse, inspecting everything from the pictures down to the tulips. He thanked his godson for having joined him on the deck of the Admiral's ship, "The Seven Provinces," during

the battle of Southwold Bay, and for having given his name to a magnificent tulip; and whilst he thus, with the kindness and affability of a father to a son, visited Van Baerle's treasures, the crowd gathered with curiosity, and even respect, before the door of the happy man.

All this hubbub excited the attentions of Boxel who was just taking his meal by the fireside. He inquired what it meant, and on being informed of the cause of all the stir, climbed up to his post of observation, where, in spite of the cold, he took his stand with the telescope to his eye.

This telescope had not been of great service to him since the autumn of 1671. The tulips, like true daughters of the East, averse to cold, do not abide in the open ground in winter. They need the shelter of the house, the soft bed on the shelves, and the congenial warmth of the stove. Van Baerle, therefore, passed the whole winter in his laboratory,

in the midst of his books and pictures. He went only rarely to the room where he kept the bulbs, unless it were to allow some occasional rays of the sun to enter, by opening one of the movable sashes of the glass front.

On the evening of which we are speaking, after the two Corneliuses had visited together all the apartments of the house, whilst a train of domestics followed their steps, De Witte said, in a low voice, to Van Baerle:

"My dear son, send these people away and let us be alone for some minutes."

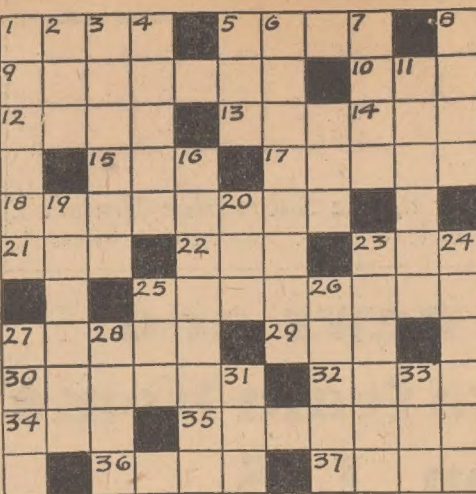
The younger Cornelius, bowing assent, said aloud:

"Would you now, sir, please to see my dry-room?"

The dry-room, this pantheon, this sanctum sanctorum of the tulip-fancier, was, as Delphi of old, interdicted to the profane uninitiated.

Never had any of his servants been bold enough to set his foot there. Cornelius admitted only the inoffensive broom of an old Frisian

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Stuff.
- 5 Boat.
- 9 Sight boundary.
- 10 Triumphant cry.
- 12 Sharp.
- 13 Glass.
- 15 Perched.
- 17 Rendezvous.
- 18 Trespassed.
- 21 Boy.
- 22 And not.
- 23 Shortened illness.
- 25 Journal hawkers.
- 27 Treadle.
- 29 Attention.
- 30 Makes red.
- 32 Scruff.
- 34 Inquire.
- 35 Reel.
- 36 Compliant.
- 37 Collections.

COBLE BASIC

R. LALEIGH L.
ETUDE PEACE
PUT CHEDDAR
TREATED ESK
B. BOAST T
DIVERT OWEN
UNIT HALE O
MELTS SLANT
P. LOUGH VIE
YEARN YIELD

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Munches noisily.
- 2 Old bird.
- 3 Occurred.
- 4 Legendary godmaker.
- 5 Dog.
- 6 All creation.
- 7 Lake.
- 8 Get on.
- 11 At regular intervals.
- 14 Colour.
- 16 Unmolested.
- 19 Round-ups.
- 20 Out with scythe.
- 23 Rummage.
- 24 Doorkeepers.
- 25 Horse.
- 26 Siams.
- 27 Bassinet.
- 28 Peer.
- 31 Swelling.
- 33 Favourite.

housekeeper, who had been his nurse, and who, from the time when he had devoted himself to the culture of tulips, ventured no longer to put onions in his stews, for fear of pulling to pieces and minding the idol of her foster-child.

At the mere mention of the dry-room, therefore, the servants, who were carrying the lights, respectfully fell back. Cornelius, taking the candlestick from the hands of the foremost, conducted his godfather into that room, which was no other than that very cabinet with a glass front, into which Boxel was continually prying with his telescope.

The envious spy was watching more intently than ever.

First of all he saw the walls and windows lit up.

Then two dark figures approached.

One of them, tall, majestic, stern, sat down near the table on which Van Baerle had placed the taper.

In this figure Boxel had recognised the pale features of Cornelius De Witte, whose long hair, parted in front, fell over his shoulders.

De Witte, after having said some few words to Cornelius, the meaning of which the prying neighbour could not read in the movement of his lips, took from his breast pocket a white parcel, carefully sealed, which Boxel, judging from the manner in which Cornelius received it and placed it in one of the presses, supposed to contain papers of the greatest importance.

His first thought was that this precious deposit inclosed some newly imported bulbs from Bengal or Ceylon; but he soon reflected that Cornelius De Witte was very little addicted to tulip-growing, and that he only occupied himself with the affairs of man, a pursuit by far less peaceful and agreeable than that of the florist. He therefore came to the conclusion that the parcel contained simply some papers, and that

these papers were relating to politics.

But why should papers of political import be entrusted to Van Baerle, who not only was, but also boasted of being, an entire stranger to the science of government, which, in his opinion, was more occult than alchemy itself?

(To be continued.)

ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



MAIN STREET TRAFFIC.

You are looking now at one of the main streets of Cuzco, Peru, where a shepherd and his wife (the wives carry the bundles in Peru) are driving their llamas homeward. But note the walls of the buildings. The lower portion is part of the ancient Inca empire. The Incas laid those immense blocks down and fitted them without cement. And now look at the stucco house above the stones. That was built by the Spaniards on top of the old Inca buildings. A queer mixture of ancient and modern.

QUIZ for today

1. A blurb is a smudge, root, fish, advertisement, vegetable, pill?
2. Who wrote (a) The Flying Visit, (b) The Wonderful Visit?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Chalk, Limestone, Clay, Sandstone, Granite, Greensand.
4. What was the name of Nansen's ship?
5. What English queen had an extra finger on each hand?
6. What is the population of the U.S.A., to the nearest million?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Counsel, Codicil, Codger, Concoction, Colapse, Commemorate.
8. What is the British road sign indicating a school?
9. Hops were first introduced into England in the 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th century?
10. About how many railway stations would you say there were in Greater London?
11. What is the rule of the road in Sweden?
12. How many words can you think of beginning with Pt?

Answers to Quiz in No. 350

1. Musical instrument.
2. (a) H. G. Wells, (b) A. P. Herbert.
3. Dunfermline is in Scotland; others in England.
4. Eleven.
5. 38.
6. 16.
7. Prevention, Pronunciation.
8. President of the Transvaal, leader of the Boers in the Boer War.
9. St. John's College, Cambridge.
10. Gibraltar.
11. The Pennine Chain.
12. Woodlark, Titlark, Skylark, Meadow-lark.

JANE



USELESS EUSTACE



"O! It's time all honest people were in bed!"

WANGLING WORDS—297

1. Put a grin in MANSTER and make it killing.
2. In the following proverb both the letters and the words have been shuffled. What is it? Retuven veba gothinn hog-nint.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BIG into TOE and then back again into BIG, without using the same word twice.
4. Find two fruits hidden in the following sentence: That chap pleases or angers most people. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order in each case.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 296

1. PharmACY.
2. Nothing succeeds like success.
3. ANY, and, end, eld, ell, ALL, ail, ait, ant, ANY.
4. H-and-el.

Wise nature did never put her precious jewels into a garret four storeys high: and therefore... exceedingly tall men had ever very empty heads. Bacon.

Good Morning

★
 "What's that coming round the corner?"
 "I can't see round corners, Brother!"
 "No, I meant the corner below." ★

ALL DOUBLED-UP

The best of these two-piece suits is that you can see the smile.



"How was I to know it was hooch, even though they told me to put more water with it!"



"Here am I, ringing the well-known dinner-bell. And you go and take a photo of me!"

★ This England ★

Sheffield basking in the sunlight (Yes, it sometimes doesn't rain).

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Aw, heck! I've done dozens."

